

DEAN'S
Illustrated Farthing Books.

THE RED APPLE.



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LITTLE DELIA was one day sent by her mother to do some errand in the yard. A wood-sawyer was at work there, and a pile of wood was thrown up directly before the door. Little Delia climbed carefully over the wood, and did her errand. When she was on her way back, the wood-

sawyer took her up in his arms, and set her down safely in the door-way, smiling as he did so, and saying to her in a kind tone, "There, my little girl ; I was afraid you might fall."

Delia thanked him very pleasantly, and went up stairs to tell her mother. "Now, mother, I like the woodman very much, for he was so good to me," she said. "He lifted me kindly over the wood, so that I shouldn't get hurt ; I thanked him pleasantly ; may I not give him that very large red apple you gave me this morning ? Wouldn't that be nice ?" said Delia.

"Yes, that would do very well," her mother answered.

Delia ran down and gave the apple, quite delighted.

"Thank you ; you're a good dear," said the wood-sawyer, as he received it ; may I give it to my poor little Johnny ?"

"Johnny, and who is Johnny ?"

"My poor little boy, who is all burnt and crippled by the fire."

"How came he so ?" asked Delia.

"Why, when he was a baby," said the

wood-sawyer, “the poor thing was tied into a chair and left alone for a minute ; he was a bright and strong baby, and I suppose he stretched and pulled for something, and tipped himself over against the hot stove, and his clothes took fire, and he was sadly burned indeed. But he’s a good little thing, and so loving ; shall I give him the apple ?”

“ Yes, indeed,” said Delia ; and she ran quickly back into the house, and with her mother’s permission, brought out a brown wooden horse. “ There, give that to Johnny, too,” said she, “ for I’m sorry that he’s so burnt.”

When the wood-sawyer returned home at night, little Johnny sat watching for him at the window ; and when he gave him the horse and apple, Johnny thought he had never seen so fine a plaything as the horse, nor so large and red an apple before. He kissed his father, and thanked him heartily ; and then he kissed the horse, and the apple too.

“ What are you going to do with your presents ?” said his father.

Johnny thought for a moment. "I know what I shall do with the apple," he said. "Don't you know that big boy that looks in here and makes me cry sometimes, looking so bad, shriveling up one



side of his face, and drawing his head down to his shoulder, as if trying to make fun of me because I am so burnt, and my head is all drawn to one side by the fire —don't you know that boy?"

"Jim Norton, do you mean?" asked the father; "why, you don't like him so much, do you?"

"Not so much; but I want him to like me. I want to show him that I don't hate him because he tries to make fun of what I can't help, and what I am sometimes so sorry for, though I know I ought not to be, for God did it. I'm going to give Jim this beautiful apple, to show him that it's only my face and leg that's burnt."

The next day little Johnny watched at the window, and when he saw the bad boy, he beckoned to him. Jim did not know what to make of it, and thought Johnny meant to play him a trick in return for all his unkindness; so he did not seem to notice Johnny's gesture. But Johnny raised up the tempting apple, and again beckoned to him to come to his window.

"Here, Jim," said Johnny, "here's a nice apple. I don't hate you. Won't you love me now, Jim?"

The bad boy reddened with shame and guilt. He could not take the apple.

"Yes, I want you to take it," said Johnny; "then you won't hate me, perhaps."

The apple was tempting, and Jim took it; but as he went away looking at it, he could not help feeling ashamed of himself.

"What a good boy that Johnny is, when I've acted so to him," he thought, "I'm sorry I took his apple, for I don't suppose he gets half as many as I do."

He could not eat the apple, so he took it home and divided it among his brothers and sisters. This was a new thing for him, for instead of giving to them, he had always tried to get from them.

Jim could not forget the apple. Johnny's goodness was such a strange thing to him, that he could not keep it out of his mind, and the more he thought of it, the more it seemed to soften him. He made no more bad faces at Johnny, and soon began to smile as he passed his window; and Johnny was very glad to see the change in him, and always smiled pleasantly in return.

Jim Norton thought, "I wish I had

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something to give Johnny. I ought to give to him, rather than he to me." Then he thought, "I have sometimes earned a few pence by selling shavings; why can't I earn some money for Johnny?" He set about it, and sold two baskets of shavings. With the pence so gained, he bought some sugar plums. He gave them to Johnny, and was never so happy in his life before. He was now, by degrees, growing generous and kind to everybody, but particularly to Johnny, for he felt something like gratitude towards him, and he was learning to pity him and love him. He took up a root of pretty sweet-briar and planted it in a little pot and set it in Johnny's window; and though it does not bloom very often, it is always fresh and sweet.

Have you not noticed, little reader, how, in this story, one little good act brought on another and another, till there was quite a chain of kind deeds? There are little good acts for you to do all the time. Be sure you do them; and who knows what may come of it. A little seed makes a great tree when God smiles on it.